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For the Herald and Journal.

FATHER JONES.

There are some men whose extraordinary talent or education has raised them to a high position in society, and whose towering intellects seem imperatively to demand a recognition of superiority from all, while at the same time the respect which is shown them, savors more of fear than of love, more of wonder than of reverence. When they die star-eyed science pompously announces the fact of their departure, and calls upon her votaries to drop a few cold, philosophical tears upon the sod that covers them, while the deep fountains of affection remain unstained; and the pedestal of honor from which they plunged into the grave, is immediately scanned by the aspiring eye of ambition, and soon occupied by others of still loftier genius. And if their greatness is not buried with them, all that remains of it is written on paper, or engraved on marble that soon will perish and leave no trace behind.

There are other men, of more humble pretensions with regard to worldly science, but whose knowledge is made entirely subservient to goodness, whose thoughts, and words, and acts, are so modified by purity of heart and profound devotion to God, that they have reached an elevation as far above the first as the temple of truth is higher than that of fame—as far as holiness transcends knowledge; men whose influence extends to all classes—who are not only honored but loved, whose presence excites not only respect, but veneration, and whose departure from earth leaves a chasm in society, around which youth and age, learned and illiterate, rich and poor, all gather to weep. The grave where they lie is baptized with the tears of undying affection. Their eulogy, and their epitaph, is written upon ten thousand imperishable hearts, and the whole community feels that a man is dead whose place can never be filled.

Greatness may perish with the tomb that enshrines it, but GODNESS NEVER DIES! Its very nature is so full of immortality that when a man is fully pledged to it, and thoroughly imbued with it, LIFE ETERNAL is already begun in his soul. He feels an omnipotent assurance that even mortality shall be swallowed up of life, and that God will raise him up at the last day!

Such a man has grown from among us—a man who wore the crown of wisdom at thirty, was a father in Israel at forty, and a venerated patriarch at fifty—whose wisdom and usefulness were always in advance of his years—who slept his last sleep, was gathered to his fathers and borne to his grave at the age of sixty-four, one of the chief captains of the Lord's host, having fallen at his post upon the bulwarks of Zion, with the shout of victory upon his lips, revered, beloved, and covered with laurels of unending glory.

REV. BENJAMIN JONES, was born in Sandwich, Barnstable county, Mass., July 28, 1786.

Of his early religious experience, all that is to be found is contained in a manuscript of sixteen pages, 24 mo., written probably more than forty years ago—which is all the diary he has preserved! Believing it will be more appropriate than anything else, we insert an extract very nearly in his own language:

"When I was about eleven years of age, I was sent away from home to live with a farmer who resided a few miles distant. About this time Jesse Lee came into the neighborhood and preached in the Congregational meeting-house. Soon there was much said concerning 'the Methodists.' A portion of the people having embraced him (Mr. Lee's) sentiments, sent and obtained a Methodist preacher by the name of Joshua Hall.* The Lord blessed his labors to the conversion of many souls, and a society was formed. * * I was convinced of my need of a Saviour and sought the Lord, for a while in secret prayer, but having none to instruct me, and living some distance from the meeting, I soon grew careless and found that 'sinning would make me leave praying.'"

"When I was seventeen years of age, my attention was again awakened by the death of my best beloved brother, who was killed by a fall from a mast head. The day it occurred being Saturday, I had thought much of the comfort I should take with him when I went home to spend the Sabbath. But alas! I found him a corpse! As I followed him to the grave, the next day, I felt my need of religion to prepare me for death, judgment and eternity!"

"Two years afterward, in the spring of 1805, the spirit of God once more operated with power upon my stubborn heart. My sins pressed heavily upon me, and the thought that I should have to give an account at the bar of God for all that I had done, was more than I could bear. I resolved in the strength of the Lord, at once to forsake all my sins, and to seek Him with all my heart. And if I did not find Him I was still resolved to perish, pleading for mercy. One promise gave me some hope: 'But if the wicked will turn from all his sins—and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die.' Ezek. 18: 21.

The result of the exercises was a most decided conversion, and a call to preach the Gospel. His struggles and anxieties relative to this duty are known only to himself and to God.

In the year 1808, at the age of 22, we find him yielding to his convictions, and commencing his great work. The next year he was admitted on probation to the New England Conference, (at that time including all New England) at its session in Monmouth, in the (then) District of Maine, June 15, 1809.

His first appointment was to "Union Circuit," Kennebec District, (which "circuit" embraced a large portion of that which now forms Thomaston District) with John Williamson for his colleague, and Oliver Beale, Presiding Elder. On the 5th of July, with all the tenderness of a faithful son, he left his father's house, to enter upon the sublime duties of his life, and to fulfill the great purpose for which the Almighty had intended him. Noble heart! the events of this time and eternity turned upon that hour! What were the prospects that induced thee to leave father and mother, friends and home, and travel hundreds of miles to seek the lone wilderness? Didst thou seek earthly honor, ease, or emolument? Toil and hardship, persecution and poverty stared thee full in the face! What, then, influenced thy choice? I see it! Thou sawest in one scale, indeed, many beautiful prospects of earthly good; but in the other, along with self-denial and sacrifice, the cross of the Lord Jesus and untold sufferings, thou sawest the example of all the pure and holy, the approbation of God, peace of conscience here, and a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory hereafter—and thou, too, hadst respect unto the recompense of the reward!

* Father Hall is still living in Frankfort, Me. His mental eye is not dimmed, nor is his moral strength or integrity shaded. Though approaching to ninety years of age, he practices with much power and acceptance nearly every Sabbath.

Having arrived at Union he "started to go round his first circuit for the first time," July 14, 1809. He appears to have had the most humbling views of himself. The "burden of the Lord" is upon him. He trembles at his responsibilities, and preaches not himself, but Jesus Christ and him crucified. He goes forth weeping, but he bears precious seed. He covers it with many prayers, and waters it with many tears. It springs up and brings forth fruit to the glory of God.

During his first year in Conference, he gave the most unquestionable proof of his call to the ministry. Souls were awakened and converted under his labors. And if "he that winneth souls is wise," then was this young Methodist itinerant "a workman that needed not to be ashamed."

Of the few "brethren" whose godly tents dotted the Eastern wilderness at that time, and were a refuge from the storm to the advance guard of Christ's spreading kingdom, he mentions the names of Fletcher and Young, in Lincolnville, Barrett in Camden, Peabody in Warren, Whitcomb in Hope, &c., &c.

The first sketch of a sermon found in the manuscript above referred to, (probably the first sermon he ever preached in Maine) is on Luke 1: 78. I am inclined to give it.

In his introduction he finds mankind in darkness,—speaks of the Lord's visiting our first parents,—of Christ's visit to our world in the flesh, and its blessed consequences. His subject was "Christ's visit to the human heart, compared to Day."

1. It begins with light.
2. Increases gradually.
3. Arouses to life and action.
4. Discovers things not seen in the dark.
5. Morning may be cloudy, and afterward clear, and vice versa.
6. Is common to all.
7. Comes from on high,—[Divinity of Christ.]

II. The day which Christ's visit makes is:
1. A day of Salvation.- 2. A day of Wonder.
- 3. A day of Liberty.
- 4. A day of Joy.
- 5. A day of Rest.

Whatever may be thought of the metaphysical ability displayed in this sketch, we are confident there was no narrow in the sermon. Any one can see that the great doctrines of the Gospel, as well as the peculiarities of Methodism, are couched in his propositions. And we will venture to guess, of hundreds who could write a more scientific sketch, not one could preach so good a sermon.

In 1810 he was appointed to Penobscot circuit, which then included a large portion of the territory now embraced in the East Maine Conference.

In 1811 he was admitted to Deacon's orders, at a session of the New England Conference held in Barnard, Vt., June 20th, and appointed to Norridgewock.

In 1812 he was at Livermore.

In 1813 he was elected and ordained Elder at a Conference held in New London, Conn., June 20th, and appointed to Bethel, Me.

1814, at Hampden—Joshua Soule, P. E. 1815, at Union.

1816, at Union and Hampden. His junior colleague this year was Daniel Wentworth.

1817, at Orrington and Penobscot.

1818, at Hallowell.

1819, at Unity.

In 1820, at a Conference held in Nantucket, Mass., Kennebec District was divided, and he was appointed Presiding Elder of Penobscot District, which office he honored for four years.

At this period of his ministry, and for several succeeding years, he was considered one of the ablest, as he was undoubtedly one of the most popular, preachers in New England.

1824, at Pittsburg.

1825, at the first session of the Maine Conference held at Gardiner, July 7th, he was appointed to Bristol.

1826 and 1827, at Vassalboro', (Senior preacher.)

1828, at Fairfield, (Senior preacher.)

In 1829 he was made supernumerary, and appointed to Searsport. It was during this year that the writer first became personally acquainted with him, and with nine others of his father's family, was converted to God under his labors. Never before that time had I heard the Gospel in its power and fulness. Never since that time have I heard more effective preaching from any man.

In 1830 he was made effective and appointed (the senior preacher) to Bucksport and Orrington.

1831, at Orrington.

1832. This year he was elected a delegate to the General Conference at Philadelphia, and appointed to Bristol.

1833, at Union.

1834, at Northport.

1835, at Belfast and Prospect.

1836, elected a delegate to the General Conference at Baltimore, and appointed to Friendship.

1837, at Friendship.

1838, at Camden and Northport.

1839, at Searsport, Camden and Vinalhaven.

1840, at Searsport, (senior preacher.)

1841, at Monroe.

1842 and 1843, at Lincolnville.

1844, at Washington.

In 1845 he was made supernumerary and appointed to Lincolnville.

In 1846 he was returned supernumerary. He had seemed to be approaching this for several years, and but for his intense love for his Master's work he would have received this relation long before. He continued his labors, however, until a few months of his death. He was seized with his last illness at Palermo, where he performed his last work, and from which place he returned to his home (in Lincolnville, Me.) on the 2d of March, last. The disease which closed his earthly pilgrimage, was an affection of the heart. During a long and severe illness, the grace of God more than prevented a murmur—made him more than resigned. He blessed the Lord for all his afflictions. As he drew near to death he was much engaged in prayer. A short time before he breathed his last he requested to be raised in his bed, when, being supported by two persons, he uttered a most affecting prayer, which was his last outward act of devotion to God. When too feeble to rise he gave utterance to the deep feelings of his heart by repeating again and again, "Bless the Lord!" The last audible whisper heard by mortal ears, was "Gloria! Gloria!" The "woody wheels of life stood still!"—and Father Jones, having preached the glorious Gospel of the blessed God with remarkable success for forty-two years on earth, was "transferred" to the General Conference of the church triumphant, on the

18th of July, 1850, and appointed to a goodly station among the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles in heaven.

Of his character as a preacher, little more need be said. He was decidedly of the Puritan stamp. A Christless morality was bane to him. Not only did he possess a remarkable faculty of showing it up in its true light, but he seemed to take particular interest in pointing out the difference between a "whited sepulchre," and the "habitation of God through the Spirit." And this was done so effectively that, in more than one instance, he who was "whole" when he came to hear him, would be "covered with wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet" before he went away.

As clear as the daylight would he describe the condition of the wicked, direct penitents to the Lamb of God, point out the difference between the path of duty and the journeyings of the backslider, and tell the glowing experience of the faithful child of God. While memory lasts I shall never forget his fearful description of an ungodly son arraigned at the judgment seat—his vivid remembrance of neglected privileges and blessings, resisting the spirit of God, the invitation of friends, the councils of a pious father, and the prayers and tears of a godly mother who in life had yearned for his salvation—and then the parting scene when he was "severed from among the just!" All was natural—all was scriptural—and yet how dreadful when seen in the converging rays of Bible truth!

Indeed his power of description was more remarkable for a close adherence to Bible delineations than for any romantic conceptions of an unlicensed imagination. He did not, by outstripping all logic, alight upon the mountains of the moon, and leave his thinking hearers to wonder how he reached there. The glorious platform upon which he stood, and every step that conducted him to it, were seen as by sunlight. He never obscured the word of the Lord by drawing around it the flimsy drapery of vanity, nor marred its fearful beauty by foolish attempts at wit. He never stooped from the glorious heights of Eternal Truth, even to touch fancy's loftiest thought. The distance was too great, and the point to be gained was in a wrong direction to excite the ambition of a minister of Jesus.

If he was sometimes severe, it was only when his Master would have been severe. I have seen a dozen strong men fly from his meeting in order to escape his withering denunciations, and to prevent any further development of their character. If "the wicked flee when no man pursueth," it is not to be wondered at, that when Father Jones got upon their track with the torch of truth in one hand, and the sword of the Spirit in the other, they were glad to maintain a respectful distance, or fly from his presence.

Pseudo Christians, whose creeds are made up of a little of everything and not much of anything, could not grow up under his culture. At a protracted meeting which he was invited to attend, some fault had been found with the preacher who preceded him, for exposing certain popular errors—the objectors uttering the stale, stereotyped inconsistency, "Preach your own doctrine and let others alone,"—(as if a man could preach the whole truth without exposing and refuting error!) Being invited to preach, as he rose before the audience, he mildly remarked that "he was a Methodist—that this was a Methodist meeting—and that those who came to a Methodist meeting should expect to hear Methodist preaching, and not ask ministers to be hypocrites and preach what they did not believe!" Every murmur was silenced, and he went on to preach "his own doctrine," a part of which was that the dogmas above referred to were doctrines of the devil. But being put *hors combat* at the outset, no one dared to find fault.

He was decided in his opinions, [i. e. he knew what he believed] and unmistakable in his positions—always sincere, always in earnest. Every one knew that a smile on his features was a smile that a tear in his eye was a tear. His token of approbation was easily understood, and none would ever be likely to mistake one of his rebukes for flattery. And if he was apparently less social than many, his whole life seemed to say, "Remember the word I have spoken to you."

But with all his ability "to vindicate the law of God to men," it was evident that he, like every other minister of the New Testament, was never so much in his element as when he was preaching the unbounded mercy of God to perishing sinners—as when he was offering them pardon and salvation through the blood of Jesus! It was then that his heart became a gushing fountain. It was then, with tenderness beamed in his eye and the big tear-drops rolled over his cheek, that Father Jones became a champion of eloquence, and whole congregations were subdued before him.

His punctuality had passed into a proverb. If a storm occurred at the time of any of his appointments and caused some to doubt if the minister would come, every careless, unconverted who knew him would immediately correct them by saying, "It is Elder Jones' appointment, if he is alive he will certainly be here."

The hills and valleys, and mountains and rivers of Maine have borne testimony to his toils and faithfulness in storm and sunshine for more than forty years, and her deep forests and silent glens have witnessed his tears and echoed to his prayers for the conversion and salvation of her people.

His labors, always useful, were almost invariably attended with revival. The writer is fully aware of what he is about to say when he declares his belief that no preacher who survives him in New England ever witnessed a greater number of conversions as the result of his labors. And if I could have the privilege of hearing but one more sermon during my probation on earth, and the subject of that sermon were still alive, I would choose that he should be the preacher.

Of those who preceded him in his labors in New England, a few only survive him, viz.,

Joshua Taylor, admitted	1791.
Joshua Hall, "	1792.
Asa Heath, "	1798.
Joshua Soule, "	1799.
Elijah Hedding, "	1801.
Asa Kent, "	1802.

Father Perry, 1802—Stimpson, 1803—Sias, Lamborn, 1806—Virgin, 1807—Bonney, Kilburn, 1808—and perhaps one or two others. Father Wentworth was admitted the same year. I know not how to close this notice! I never before viewed the Christian ministry in a light so glorious—so responsible! I always loved our old veterans, but never so well as now! As I look over their venerable names my heart gets too full to write! One after another they are

departing from us, and the gray hair is found in younger temples. * * * * *

Dear Father Jones—thou man of God—thou minister of Jesus! Thou hast given the trumpet a certain sound! Thy feet did not slide in the day of thy prosperity. Thou wert "faithful unto death"—thou hast gone to thy reward! Faithful watchman of Zion! Thine armor was upon thee when thou gatheredest up thy feet to die. Faithful friend and counsellor! But for thee my feet had never been turned into the paths of righteousness. Had not thy faithful warnings fell on my ear like a solemn cry at midnight, I had been a thoughtless sinner still, or perhaps had passed my probation and wert now lifting up my eyes in hell!

Man of God! I shall not forget the hour when I first knelt before thee a poor broken heart, and thy hands were spread over me in solemn prayer! It was fit thou shouldst lay thy hand on Samuel's head when God had also spoken to him. The virtue of that prayer, of that consecration, and of thy holy teaching is upon me still. Though feeblest of all the stars that glitter in thy crown, I hope to honor thy ministry in both worlds. * * * Thou mayst have no abode but burial, but thou sleepest in Jesus! Thy sculptured representative may have no niche in the temple of worldly fame, but thou wilt stand in a more glorious lot "at the end of the days!" Thousands welcomed thy freed spirit as it approached the immortal shores, and thousands who lingered still on earth ere they beheld thine upward flight, "My father! My father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

D. H. MAXFIELD.
Bangor, Me., Oct. 17.

From the Northern Christian Advocate.

CALVINISM VERSUS ARMINIANISM.

The hofs and horns of the Geneva dogmas are, themselves, as much like flint and steel now, as in the days of Calvin, or the Synod of Dort. If, under the pressure and heat of circumstances, they become in any degree malleable, and can therefore be moulded and contorted into different shapes, still they are utterly incapable of fusion. One might as well undertake to warm the heart of the frigid zone, as to infuse the charities of the Gospel into the soul of Calvinism. It knows no sympathy but for itself—no charity but for that which bears its own impress. Legitimate Calvinism is an embodiment of bigotry and intolerance; and in proof of this, I might cite its whole history—from the burning of Servetus, (of which Calvin was most unquestionably guilty) to the dreadful persecution of the Arminians by the Calvinists in the States of Holland, in the days of Episcopius, and to the slanders heaped upon John Wesley, and the Methodists all along the last hundred years. In no instance has Calvinism, to my knowledge, been even courteous towards Arminianism, except by compulsion. While I make this remark, I do not deny that, in very many instances, and in very many places, it has professed charity, confidence, fellowship; but it has only done this when its friends have been the minority in the community, or some ulterior purpose was to be secured by such pre-determined hypocrisy. Calvinism will always push with its horns, when it has a chance, and stamp and grind with its hoofs, when it has the opportunity. If Spanish heretics are in its way, it will burn them; if Quakers, it will hang them; if Arminians, it will slander, and, if possible, banish them from their homes of peace, and altars of devotion.

The Calvinists of England and this country have, under certain circumstances, professed great regard and charity for the Methodists; but let an affliction befall the Wesleyan body, or let either of the Atlantic, and for the old world of Geneva is at once baying on their prey. An illustration, and a proof of this remark, may be found in the "Puritan Recorder," of Boston, published Sept. 5, in an editorial on "English Wesleyanism." Speaking of the agitators in the Wesleyan body, the editor says: "The odds against them are fearful; but if they persist, they will, doubtless, succeed in part. Yet the establishment of a thorough, popular government in a body that sustains Arminian doctrines, is not to be hoped for. The strong affinity between Arminianism and a hierarchy, has been demonstrated in all the history of the church. It is this affinity that has made the Methodist system so unpopular in this republic. And Arminianism is the strength of the hierarchy in the English Church, and its elements are equally powerful in the Romish Church. If, then, the Methodist reformers in England, hope to do more than correct a few of the grosser abuses of their system, they must introduce by reforming their creed; they must introduce the doctrines of grace—those doctrines that were almost universal in England, immediately before the demolishing of the hierarchy, and the throne and tyranny of Charles I. If they seek to make free that powerful body, let them apply God's appointed instrument of freedom. The truth, and that alone, can make them free. Calvinism, wherever it has gone, has wrought in favor of popular institutions."

A greater mass of false propositions and dogmatic assumptions, could not well be crowded into so small a compass. I do not propose extensively to review or refute this precious specimen of Calvinistic insolence, but only to call attention to it. And First, "Arminianism" makes Methodism "unrepublican in this republican country!" And "Calvinism" always promotes "popular institutions!" This is delightful; but never mind; we are not particularly concerned, just now, about Methodism, Arminian and "unrepublican" as it may be; but, really, what a jewel of consistency the editor of the Puritan Recorder must be, who himself remembers the good old days—the like of which he will never see again—when in Massachusetts "the standing order," the Calvinists, were the dominant sect "according to law," and when the poor Arminian Methodists, who have such strong affinities for hierarchies, were, by law, compelled to support the Calvinistic clergy, or meet the pains and penalties by which the law was enforced. Those were very gracious times, as I happen to know, for I remember them myself; and now, if the editor of the Recorder will go with me, I will introduce him to some of our venerable Arminian Methodist heretics, who can give him the year of our Lord in which the saddle of the old farm horse, and the cow from the pasture, were claimed by the civil officer, to cancel the "minister tax," which, in the most "unrepublican" manner, these stubborn Methodists refused to pay. Of course, it was very "republican" for the Calvinistic Congregationalists of those times, who were in the high places of power, and drove the chariot of State, to levy this clerical tax, and in default of its payment, to serve legal attachments on cows, saddles, or Bibles, as, in some instances, I have heard, inasmuch, Secondly, as "Calvinism," i. e., the

doctrines of grace, i. e., foreordination, and the decrees of election and reprobation, "is God's appointed instrument of freedom." And how free and "republican" we should have been to-day in the old Bay State, had it not been for the impertinent preaching, singing, and praying, in school-houses, kitchens, barns, and groves, of the Arminian Methodists, the burden of whose preaching, singing, and praying, was "free grace, free will," and "full salvation" through "Jesus Christ" and him crucified. Yes, indeed, but for this, and these, our minister would still be "settled for life," and their salaries secured, not by "voluntary subscription," but by the legitimate Calvinistic republican method of legal taxation. O how "Calvinism, God's appointed instrument of freedom," has wrought in favor of popular institutions—say in Geneva, in Holland, in Scotland, in New England. Particularly, with what republican energy it has wrought upon the question of the union of Church and State! But hear it, ye that hold the "decreesum horribile," as the doctrine of grace—Calvinism never wrought the dissolution of the union of Church and State—never. Arminianism has done it, so far as New England is concerned. But

Thirdly, with what gracious condescension this Calvinistic editor vouchsafes advice to the Methodist reformers in England. If they would do anything effectual, they must begin by "reforming their creed"—they "must introduce the doctrines of grace." All of which, when properly translated, I suppose, means— you must strike out of your Minutes or Discipline, the doctrine of General Redemption, and insert that of Limited Atonement. You must strike out the notion of Free-will, et cetera, and insert Absolute Foreordination, Infallible Election, and Reprobation, and Perseverance. That is, you must not hold the "Five Points," as presented, explained, defended, before, at, and subsequent to the Synod of Dort, by the Arminians, but as the Synod itself held them. You must take these horrible "doctrines of grace" as Calvin, Beza, and Bogerman taught them, and reform will then be easy. Perhaps so, we shall see. But enough. I now turn this Puritan Recorder editor over to all the uncertainties of Calvinism. He may be one of the elect, and so may I; and if so, we shall, doubtless, share heaven together, and wonder to eternity at the decree which made him a Calvinist, and me an Arminian. He may be a reprobate; but I protest that I am not, and never will be, so long as there is free and full salvation in Christ. As a practical and experimental Arminian, I know whom I have believed; and as a genuine Calvinist, he can know nothing about the decrees, the secret will of God, in relation to himself personally. He can only hope against all the possibilities of his non-election—aye, and perhaps, probabilities, which are encompassed by the "sovereignty of God."

It is not pleasant thus to write, nor generally is it profitable; but there are times when, in New England, we are compelled thus to reprove sharply, and contend earnestly. It is not our fault, and the Calvinists know it. We bear long, and we bear much; and, in our Christian charity, allow ourselves frequently to be led into a confidence, which is inspired only to be betrayed. We are invited to "Union prayer meetings," where we see the blandest smiles, and hear the ampler professions of brotherly kindness and fellowship. All the time, in our simplicity, we believe in the sincerity of those with whom we are assembled, and go away rejoicing in the Gospel, as the great cementing power of the church; but hardly does the month come round in which we are not insulted in some of the deliberately written, and published papers of our Calvinistic brethren. What do they mean? We are confident what some of them mean, and shall treat them accordingly. say some of them; not all; there are delightful exceptions; but they are in bondage to certain ministers and editors, whose hearts are overflowing with the wormwood of Calvinism, and the gall of bigotry. Sanballat and Tobiah had as much fellowship for Nehemiah and his co-laborers, as these men have for the Methodists; and my advice to the Methodists is, to keep away from the plains of Ono, and keep diligently employed in the work of building the walls of Jerusalem.

Boston, Sept., 1850.

For the Herald and Journal.

FRENCH MISSION.

Religious Interest in Canada—Labors—Converts—Condition of the French Canadians.

BRO. STEVENS:—I take this opportunity of writing to you a few lines, through a good friend. I wish to inform you and my friends elsewhere in New England, that there is now a good religious feeling among the French Canadians in Canada East. I was there a few days ago, and I was truly surprised to see such interest in religion. It is indeed unusual. I look for a great reformation in Lower Canada, and its neighborhoods, among the French Canadian Romanists. I am about leaving again for the same regions.

The French missionaries and colporters now in Canada number over 35, and are under the care of the French Canadian Evangelical Society of Montreal City, and the Grand Ligne Mission, near Champlain and St. John, (Canada). The New York societies are to take care of the French missionaries along Lake Champlain in future. From statements made by most of our missionaries, and from what I have seen and known myself, it appears that now there are as many as seven hundred French Canadian converts in Canada and along the Lake Champlain, New York and Vermont, besides many more who are advancing to such a condition. Schools are the most important instruments needed now among the French Canadian population; give them these, and they are ready at once to comprehend the rest they most need. Since I have been in Champlain, which is now four years, with the exception only of five or six weeks, during which I went to get aid for our mission in New England, my occupations have been about as follows: I go to different places and preach in French to the Canadians, and after preaching I go into their houses and begin by reading a portion of the Holy Scriptures, which introduces conversation. I then give them as many lessons in reading as possible; and it is a great subject of rejoicing to me, that almost all now, young and old, manifest a desire to learn to read. They are determined not to be priestcraft any longer in this respect; it is now time indeed they should think so. When it is considered that among a people numbering more than half a million, not three perhaps in a hundred can read and write well in his own language, it is indeed surprising.

The French Canadian Romanists are generally very much like the Belgians in Europe, almost wholly under the influence of their priests.

Their worship is the same as that of the Spaniards or Italians, almost exclusively paid to the Virgin Mary; she is the great queen of heaven with them; she is above the saints and angels; she is indeed equal with God, and before God, for she is his mother. And for this she ought to be worshipped before him; is the doctrine of the Romish Church in Canada. All prayers and fastings are to the Virgin. The French Canadians, like the French in Europe, possess many estimable qualities; they are amiable, polite and sociable, and naturally apt and intelligent. They require but the stamp of the Christian teacher to raise them to the level of the most favored peasantry.

When we pass through their fertile but miserably cultivated fields, a feeling of commiseration must arise in our minds, prompting us to rescue them from the blighting and impoverishing influence of Romanism. But especially in view of eternity, of the undying worm, and unquenchable fire, from which a saving reception of the truth can alone rescue them, should our sense of imperative duty impel us forward to make our beloved French Canadians the followers of the truth, and partakers with us of Gospel liberties, hopes, and joys. But it is impossible for me now to begin to notice a thousand part of the soul-destroying superstitions and God-dethroning practices of that system of wickedness, which has been aptly called "Satan's masterpiece," and which "oppresseth and exalteth itself above all that is called God."

Such is the field in which we are called to labor;—and may God bless and comfort those that are engaged for it either by laboring, praying or contributing to this long neglected part of the Lord's vineyard. I am sure they shall never lose their reward of Him whose only penetrator and knower of all that is done for his cause under the sun, is Jesus Christ.

Your humble and sincere servant,
JAMES BOUSSA.
French Missionary, Champlain, N. Y.
Will the Christian Times please copy.

THE PULPIT.

Meanwhile, the pulpit is proclaiming the kingdom of God at hand. Her it is, to impregnate the philosophy of the age, with spirituality; and thus to complete the formation of a public conscience. Or rather, it is her office, to appropriate the philosophy and the civilization of the age, and to be herself the public conscience. Christianity has a right to pervade every department of the life of responsible beings, private or public. Nor has the pulpit a right to hush itself at the bidding of prince or people. To discuss in the pulpit a matter of secular expediency, of course, misbecomes the pulpit and the Sabbath. But the pulpit is bound to draw, unflinchingly, the boundary lines of eternal right, across whosesoever field or path it cuts. Whenever a great statesman vociferates across the nation, that "religion has nothing to do with politics," you may be sure there is villainy on foot. No man opens a war against conscience, private or public, unless conscience has some cause of quarrel against him. The man who would say to Christianity, *hands off*, would be glad to say to the Omnipotent eye, *be shut*. The political profession would, doubtless, a large share, be very glad to know that over their domains the Divine law is suspended; and that Almighty God may not invade their territories. Deeply do I regret to say, that the pulpit has but too often succumbed and fearfully shrunk from standing forth the stern impersonation of the world's conscience. Let the pulpit re-assert its place in the front of every enterprise for overthrowing great wrongs, and establishing great rights. Let it firmly apply the Divine law to all crime, high and low, individual and governmental. Be this done in the pure spirit of the saint, and the heroic spirit of the martyr, and pitiful, indeed, will be the figure of the politician or party, who ventures to interfere.

DR. WHEEDON.

SUDDEN CONVERSION.

Sudden conversions are in accordance with Scripture. In the Acts of the Apostles we find that ordinarily conversions were sudden under their ministry. The three thousand conversions on the day of Pentecost all appear to have taken place during the sittings of one assembly; and all the subsequent outpourings of the Spirit with which the first age of Christianity was blessed, seem to have been characterized by conversions of this sort. Though Saul was three days seeking the Lord, yet the jailor of Philippi and all his house were converted in one hour. And we have reason to believe that such conversions were every day taking place under the ministry of the apostles. Not only the example of Scripture, but the general spirit and genius of the Bible, are favorable to sudden conversion. The Bible calls upon men to repent now! It does not instruct them to adopt a course of action preparatory to their doing so, but allows of no delay. Its language is, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Sudden conversions are neither unphilosophical, unscriptural, nor unusual.—Wesley Banner.

THEMES FOR THE PULPIT.

We find in an exchange paper the following just and valuable suggestions, from John Foster:

In the department of Christian morality, I think many of those who are distinguished as evangelical preachers, greatly and culpably deficient. They rarely, if ever, take some one topic of moral duty, as honesty, veracity, impartiality, Christian temper, forgiveness of injuries, temperance—in any of its branches—and investigate specifically its principles, rules, discriminations, adaptations. There is none of

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A few of the many notices received of the book are here annexed:—

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preference to any other Collection of Church Music extant. It deserves a place in every choir, vestry, and family in the Union."

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Feb 19 Iv

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Sept 11 Son

From the Christian Register.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL.

Dear God, who art so very calm—
All seeing and so patient still,
Fill me with calm before thee, root
From out my heart the germ and shoot
Of narrow sight and selfish will.

And though my heart impatient beat
And bitter tears I stem within—
I feel that life is but a dream
Of pitying Christ, which seemed to say
The saddest of all griefs is sin.

O patient ones that sadly toil
Where bleeding feet have trod—
The oppressor and the oppressed are here;
I know you choose the weight, the fear,
The stripes above the awful rod.

We talk of sorrow, talk of death—
Old signs for old things—all unmoved;
Who bears about a deadly grief,
An inward hurt, with no relief,
He only grief and death has proved.

What wonder if men sometimes doubt
If God be in his heavens or no!
The lightning open them—but still
And fine, the motions of His will
That keep true balance, fit in veins below.

No little thing that seems to live
Is poor mean life, a creeping cloud,
But has a hope, for its brief hours,
A joy perhaps more fine than ours—
A something it may keep, from God.

In silent ways God eases all;
All silently the mean he brings
Up to his own transcendent height;
All silently with inward light
He shrinks oppression's evil springs!

But go not thou with truth like this
To the poor thralls of grief and fear—
Till thou hast labored well and long
To heal their wounds—to right their wrong,
And won the noble right to cheer!

And who may fold his lids and hands?
You, if the air's free motions breed
No joy in you, if you may want
To live without a hope—no want
Man's comfort in your bitter need.

Our rivers from their mountain springs
Glimmer and broaden to the sea—
But ever as they stream along
Warble their noble mountain song
To meadow lily and tulip tree.

Forget your native hymn—alas,
And be to earth's warm breast as dead!
O breathe one breath of Freedom's morn—
One blast upon her mountain horn
And let men know where you were born and bred!

No narrow path—O no,
East, west, north, south, alone to suit—
No chartered wrong—no fixed fact lie!
No mean to-day's expediency—
Seed of to-morrow's bitter fruit!

O no! beneath God's light, forego
Your birthright in our dear-bought land,
Your freedom's reverence for the free,
Your freedom's faith in liberty,
Your freedom's unsaved soul and hand!

And if man bids you darken life,
Quench hope—and seize what God's love gave,
Leave the poor serpent to his hiss—
Do aught, be aught—but not this!
Far rather be a Southern slave!

JESUS LIVES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GELBERT.

Jesus lives! and I with him;
Death, where are thy terrors fled?
Jesus lives another day,
He'll awake me from the dead,
Glorify my mouldering clay,
This is still my trust and stay.

Jesus lives! to him all power
In heaven, and earth, and hell, is given!
I with him shall live and reign
Through eternity in heaven,
God hath said; who dare gainsay?
This is still my trust and stay.

Jesus lives! The fearful heart
Pours contempt upon his grace;
None who knock at mercy's door
Need to fear a frowning face,
God in Christ trusts none away;
This is still my trust and stay!

Jesus lives! though once he died
To redeem my soul from hell;
May his grace my heart renew,
And my life his glory tell,
He sustains in wisdom's way;
This is still my trust and stay.

Jesus lives! and well I know
Naught can part me from his love,
Not the deepest earthly woe,
Hell beneath, nor heaven above;
Strength he gives me as my day;
This is still my trust and stay.

Jesus lives! and death is now
But the gate that leads to life;
Let, my soul, this comfort tell,
In the dark and final strife,
That thou comest to Jesus say,
Lord! my confidence and stay.

SKETCHES.

From the Christian Register.

JOSIAH HENSON.

Many of our readers know something of this Numa or rather Moses of the liberated Africans in Canada. He escaped from Kentucky with his family, a little more than twenty years ago. After being in Canada a few years, he became profoundly impressed with the wants of his brethren, some thirty thousand of whom—nearly all of them fugitive slaves, or their descendants—are now in the British Provinces. They were in general destitute, ignorant, and apparently doomed to a wretched condition in the larger villages and towns, to which, from the facilities afforded for menial occupations, they clung. Urged on by a strong desire to improve their lot, his first effort was to draw them away from the larger towns, and induce them to purchase land, and become farmers. Within a few years, large numbers have established themselves in the Western District, at the present time there being not less than 8000 in a circuit of one or two days' ride. One of the next things attempted was to build up schools, in the hope that through the combined influence of personal independence—however humble, religious institutions, education and the habit of acting together for important ends apart from the whites, they might be raised to a higher level of intelligence, character, and general well-being. To this noble enterprise, Father Henson has devoted himself. Through the aid which he has been able to obtain, several schools have been formed, and especially a sort of high school at Dawn, their principal settlement.

Owing to the universal poverty, it was necessary that the scholars should be able to support themselves by their own labor, and one great effort of Father Henson has been to make this labor as productive as possible. It so happens that this district abounds in the black walnut. Through assistance derived principally from Boston, they have erected a saw mill in connection with the school, which is now in full and successful operation. It enables them, while

clearing the land, to convert the timber into a profitable article of merchandise. Our readers may have seen a notice of the arrival at this port of the schooner Scotia, from the upper lakes, by the way of the Welland Canal and the St. Lawrence River. It is the first vessel which has come through the Welland Canal to any American port. This made it an event of some little interest; but what gave it a far greater interest to us, was the fact that it was loaded with a cargo of lumber from Father Henson's settlement at Dawn. The cargo contained about 90,000 feet, and is said by competent judges to be the very finest description of black walnut. We visited the vessel a few days since, with more interest than we often feel in any arrival of a foreign ship, for it contains the visible evidence that Father Henson's labors and sacrifices and plans for the improvement of his race, have reached that point of success, which ensures the most beneficial results. After years of forethought, but of incessant difficulty, struggle and self-denial, he is permitted to see the beginning of the harvest. The proceeds of this voyage, we understand, will be nearly sufficient to clear the institution from debt, and there is wanting nothing but a continuance of the same persevering enterprise to make the colony a prosperous and flourishing one.

The whole matter deserves a place in history. For a fugitive slave, simply to form the plan of organizing his fugitive brethren into a large community, and to establish among them those institutions which should raise them to a true freedom and secure for them the best lights of a Christian civilization, would show a large mind and a noble heart. In this case such a plan is not merely conceived, but carried on far towards execution; and when we see a man, with no means but his naked muscles, his steadfast will, and his disinterested spirit, going on without parade, and without noise, struggling with all conceivable obstacles through a series of years, and overcoming all, and laying the foundation for the future improvement and well-being of his brethren, we confess the presence of one who deserves no ordinary respect for wisdom and elevation and force of character. Such men as these are the founders of States. Not always understood to their own day, posterity enrolls them among the benefactors of the race. Be they black or white, they are the noblemen of nature, on whom societies, communities, and States, are chiefly dependent for their progress toward any higher good.

Father Henson is now an old man, and loaded with many infirmities. We rejoice that he has lived to see such fruits from his labors. There is however a vast deal more yet to be done, and we trust that his days and his strength may be continued, and that for years to come, he may be able to carry on the good work so auspiciously commenced.

CHILDREN.

CHILDHOOD'S THOUGHTS, OR THE PRIMROSES.

"Of all the flowers that stud the meads like stars, or scatter sweet perfume upon the air, there is not one that children love better than the pale yellow Primrose."

"The Cuckoo, who is very fond of questioning the flowers, one evening asked the Primrose why her stalk was so soft and supple that the wind could blow her about just wherever he chose."

"Do you not know," said the Primrose, "that my stalk is made thus fragile and pliant in order that the tender hands of little children may without hurt or stain gather me to themselves."

"Ah! indeed," replied the Cuckoo, "I was not aware of that. I have been absent from these banks ever since August, last year,—so that I have almost forgot the nature of you way-side creatures that grow up beneath the spring sun. Since such is the case, and you really wished to be culled, I am sorry I called away those children down yonder by the brook. The moment I cried, 'Cuckoo!' on the opposite bank, away they started; and as they were off before they found out your hiding place, I suppose they will not care to return by this bank."

"O, yes, they will," said the gentle flower, "for their home lies this way. But I know now that I must rest content upon my stalk for a few hours longer, until the next rise of sun. It is late, and they will be too tired to gather me to-day. If you will listen patiently for awhile, and call no strange foot hither to disturb us, I will tell you the history of every Primrose that blooms. Know, then, O welcome bird of the opening year, that we are *Children's Thoughts*. You may perhaps have noticed that children cannot grasp many of us at one time, by reason that their hands are so small. Yet how sharp is their sight to discern us,—how quick are their movements to reach the hedge-row where we nestle,—and then, how readily they seize us! In their happy wanderings here among the woodlands, every new thought is a new pleasure. They grasp us up by one, till they can retain no more. Those children whom you saw just now will return presently. Then, mark them well. It will be near their sleeping hour; and with weary limbs they will come homeward, waking soft echoes all around with the music of their pattering feet."

"And see,—here they come already!" added the Primrose. "My sister-dewdrops are still in their little hands;—but how feebly they grasp them! And now, see,—from their small fingers the flower-stalks drop one by one, and lie pale upon the sward where their footsteps have passed, fading from them as their young eyes half close at the touch of coming sleep! Fly onward, kind cuckoo! and encourage their flagging feet homeward with your cheering note, lest they should slumber by the way."

"The bird obeyed the gentle flower; and soon you might hear him calling 'Cuckoo! cuckoo!' till his slender throat was hoarse."

"As soon as the early sun was up and away upon his journey towards the west, two children, a brother and a sister, sought, hand in hand, the Primrose bank. They were young and tender creatures,—and their names were Tiny and Wee-thing. Tiny was the brother, and Wee-thing was the sister."

"At the moment that Tiny turned his eager eyes towards the tufts of Primroses, a flower-thing was just in the act of springing up."

"O! sister Wee-thing," he cried, as he dropped it from its stem, "I know what I will do. I will pluck a great, great many of these Primrose buds, and I will make you a crown for May-day when it comes."

"Tiny thought was but a half-formed thought; not a full-blown flower, but only an opening bud. His sister Wee-thing grasped by its stem a well-formed and perfect flower, and at once replied to him thus:

"Dear brother Tiny, you are very kind; but the buds that bloom to-day will fade long before May-day. Let us, instead, bear them home to our mother, who is so sick; and let us sit side by side at her bed-foot, and make her a flower-chain which shall link us all three together."

"O! yes, yes, yes! that will do!" exclaimed Tiny, in answer, as he capered about and clapped his little hands with delight.

"When the two children had collected enough, they once more linked hands, and went straight home: not loitering by the way as children

sometimes do,—but, content with what they had gathered, they hastened thoughtfully onward to their mother, who lay ill in her bed. All their thoughts were about her,—and so nothing stopped them by the way."

"You should have seen them, how softly they stole into the room, and how quietly they sat by her bed while she slept, though the broad sun was now shining high in the heavens, and other children were tempted out to enjoy the sweets of the spring-time. You should have watched them weaving, and weaving, and weaving, flower after flower, and bud after bud, till at last all was made into one long chain of pale yellow gold!"

"When the last flower-thing was added to the link, the two children joined the ends together, making it into one perfect chain-rosary. They then passed it softly round their mother's neck. As they did so, the light links touched—just touched her cheek—and she awoke."

"How sorry they were to wake her—and yet how glad they felt to see her open her eyes!"

"As the mother saw and felt how closely her children's thought was twined about her, she grew strong enough to rise. She laid her hands fondly upon their little heads, and she kissed their lips over and over again."

"Tiny and Wee-thing were astonished and overjoyed to see what a bright warm flush of health was now returning to their beloved mother's cheek."

"When they asked her, as they both did with one voice, how it was that she grew so quickly well, she answered:—

"I was indeed faint and weary, but the thoughts of my children are a chain that binds me to life!"—Mrs. T. K. Hervey.

MINISTERIAL.

For the Herald and Journal.

REV. JOHN ADAMS.

Died at Newmarket, N. H., Sept. 30, 1850, aged 59 years 7 months, of *angina pectoris*. Rev. John Adams, long known and distinguished as a zealous and successful reformation preacher. He was born at Newington, N. H., Feb. 14, 1791. He was awakened under the preaching of Rev. George Pickering, but was finally brought into the fold of Christ, through the instrumentality of Rev. S. Bailey, at about the age of seventeen. He delivered his first sermon, in the summer of 1810, from Romans 8: 6; "For to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

In the year 1812, he was joined to the N. E. Conference, and received his first appointment on Poland circuit, Province of Maine. God immediately blessed the labors of his young disciple, amid the eastern wilds, and during the first year of his itinerancy, scores of the thinly scattered people of his charge were converted through his humble yet fervent efforts. His second appointment was upon Durham circuit, Me., in the year 1813. In the year 1814, he was stationed at Falmouth, Me., and the following year, 1815, at Burton, Me. In June of 1816, he was re-appointed to Poland circuit, upon which he had travelled, at first, where he remained for two years. In 1818, he received charge of Scarborough circuit. During these six years of his ministry in the Province of Maine, his journal records the conversion and admittance into the church, through his instrumentality, of about 1000 souls. In 1819 and '20, he labored in Salisbury, Newburyport, and adjoining towns with great success; in 1821, received Martha's Vineyard as his field of labor, where he continued amid an almost marvelous display of Divine grace, till the summer of 1823, when the Conference placed him upon Malden station. In 1824, he was appointed to Setauket circuit, and in 1825, to station at Newbury. At the Conference held at Wabraham, Mass. June 14, 1826, by the ardent request of many of the inhabitants of Martha's Vineyard, he was sent once more on a mission to that island. "Here with labors more abundant," he inspired his health, and was brought very near to the gates of death. But "his God, in whom he trusted," supported him and crowned his untiring efforts with most glorious success. The following year, on account of his enfeebled health, and the recent loss of a much loved mother, he requested a location, which was accordingly granted him; and he returned to Newington, N. H., to the old paternal homestead. There he continued to labor in Massachusetts, never failing to bring to Conference from his field of toil, "his sheaves with him." In the year 1828, he again joined the itinerancy, and was appointed to Bow circuit, N. H., thence on the succeeding year, 1829, he was removed to Bristol, N. H. In 1830, he again took a local position and returned to Newington. Here he remained for two years until his father's death, when he became once more connected with Conference, and received appointment to Milton circuit, August, 1832, where he remained two years. At the close of which time he left Conference, and ever after, till the day of his death, ceased not to toil in the cause of Christ, although in a local capacity. During many later years, he has travelled over a large portion of the Northern States, preaching the word of life to thousands. In the spring of 1846, by the Christians of Duke's County, he was delegated to the Evangelical Alliance at London. Before his return to his native country, he travelled most of the Western countries of Europe. At the time of his death he was in retirement at Durham, N. H., where he was residing on a most beautiful homestead, lying on the borders of the Piscataqua River. On the morning of his decease, he had conveyed his daughter to Newmarket, where she was attending school, and was just on the point of returning, when he was seized with the severe pain running from the left side of the stomach through the left shoulder. He stepped for a moment into the house of a friend to procure a little warm essence, or something of the kind, but, ere it could be provided, fell from his chair and breathed his last. His was a short and a triumphant victory, verifying his own happy expression, that "the Christian passes not through death, but death steps aside, and he passes only through the shadow of death." His funeral was attended at Newmarket, Me. E. Church, on Wednesday, 2d of October, by a number of clergymen, and by a very full and solemn congregation. Rev. H. H. Hartwell delivered a most able and impressive discourse from Job 14: 10; "But man dieth and wasteth away; ye may give up the ghost, and where is he?" He was followed by Rev. John F. Adams, who gave a short and ancient history of the life and character of the deceased, delineated with great truth and distinctness. After him the Rev. Samuel Hoyt spoke with great feeling, and sang a beautiful hymn adapted to the occasion. Thence his earthly remains were conveyed to a tomb in the vicinity, till one can be constructed for their reception on the spot of earth he loved so well when alive, where they shall abide till raised to immortality. A life of the subject of the above notice, written by himself, was most beautifully and ably published under the supervision of the writer. There will be seen more fully his connection with early Methodism in our country, and his own religious exercises and experience.

FILIUS.

Durham, N. H., Oct. 18, 1850.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Mrs. LUCY L. ROGERS, wife of Asa Rogers, Esq., and daughter of the late Rev. John Lindsey, died in Hartford, Conn., Oct. 11. Mrs. Rogers was born at Weston, Mass., Nov. 7, 1817. She was blessed with early religious instruction, and while at Wabraham attending school in the fall of 1835, she gave her heart to God. From that time till her death, she gave evidence to those who knew her that she had placed her affections upon things above. For more than fifteen years she lived a life of consistent and uniform piety. She was married in the winter of 1838, and in the fall of the same year accompanied her husband to the Sandwich Islands. She passed through much sorrow and suffering, for on the passage out she was called to mourn the loss of her eldest sister, and during her residence at the islands she was brought to the gates of death. For several months past, she seemed impressed with the conviction that she was to be called soon into another world. She spoke of her death calmly and without fear as to the result, seeking for a preparation of heart to meet her God. Her sufferings were borne without a murmur. Said a friend, who was much with her, "I never knew a more patient sufferer." Though from extreme weakness she was unable to converse with her friends in her last hours, they feel assured that she had the presence of her Saviour as she walked through the dark valley, and that she has gone to that "rest which remaineth to the people of God."

Miss MARY ELIZABETH SMITH died in Warren, R. I., Oct. 3, aged 23 years. She possessed a vigorous and discriminating mind; her literary attainments were superior, and her social qualities of the highest order. She was cheerful, kind and affectionate. None knew her but to respect and love her. To do good was her delight. For more than two years she had been a teacher in our public school, and for many years a teacher in our Sabbath School. In the midst of her usefulness, she was suddenly taken to her reward. Some three years since, while at school at East Greenwich, she gave her heart to the Saviour, and connected herself with the M. E. Church. We deeply mourn her loss, but we mourn in hope—she is undoubtedly glorified. Her funeral services were attended by a large concourse, all of whom evidently felt that one had been taken from us whose place could not be easily supplied.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

R. W. ALLEN.

Warren, R. I., Oct. 10.

Mrs. LYDIA M. OSBORN, wife of Joseph Osborn, died in Blandford, Oct. 7, aged 31 years. She was an affectionate wife, a tender mother, an obedient daughter, a beloved sister, and a dutiful, consistent Christian. She was ardently attached to the institutions of the church, and never absent from the means of grace when it was possible for her to be present, and when present she never failed to discharge her duty. A few days previous to her decease, when her friends were gathered around her bed, not expecting she could survive until evening, she remarked to the writer, "This is the happiest day of my life." Her last words were, "Jesus comes!" not coming, but comes! The Lord sanctify this dispensation of his providence to the good of the friends.

Blandford, Oct. 18.

Mrs. HARRIET NEWELL, wife of Mr. George W. Stoker, of Saugus, and daughter of Simon Smith, late of Illinois, died at her father's residence in Lynn, Oct. 11, aged 27 years. Sister Stoker made a profession of religion and joined the M. E. Church in Saugus about two years ago, of which she remained a worthy and exemplary member until her death. She suffered much in her last illness, but was a pattern of patience and resignation. To her death had no terror; her victory was complete. She has left a companion and two small children, with a numerous circle of friends to mourn their loss; but their loss, we doubt not, is her infinite gain.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

D. K. BANISTER.

Saugus, Oct., 1850.

Capt. ALEXANDER BLANCHARD died in East Weymouth, Sept. 17, aged 50 years. His death was sudden and unexpected, although his health had been failing for more than a year. For about twenty-five years Bro. B. had been an acceptable and faithful member of the M. E. Church. Religion to him, was a subject of interest while he lived, and he doubtless rests in peace.

J. B. GOULD.

East Weymouth, Oct. 19.

KEZIA KINNE died in Plainfield, Ct., July 18, aged 33 years. Sister Kinne was brought to Christ in a revival in Griswold, in 1836, under the labors of Bro. Erastus Benton. She immediately sought a home in the M. E. Church, of which she continued a spiritual and devoted member until called to join the church above.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

H. TORRELL.

Plainfield, Ct., Oct. 10.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE TROY CONFERENCE RESOLUTIONS.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, &c.

MR. EDITOR:—In the last number of the Christian Advocate and Journal, (Oct. 17th), I find something which is apparently *opaque*. In an editorial headed, "SOUTHERN MATTERS," there "are some things hard to be understood." The editor refers to an agitation in Virginia, caused by the publication in the Advocate, of resolutions of Troy Conference on slavery. He says, "he published them with the vain hope, as he now sees, 'that they would be harmless.'"

But some great editor in Virginia, takes him to task; and the Richmond Christian Advocate joins with the other print, in calling for an indictment of the Advocate, while the people are advised to withdraw from that paper their patronage. But our editor tells them, "the origin and design of this whole movement are too palpable to be mistaken, and it won't do. The 'people of Virginia' are already 'awake.' They know their rights, and they are able to maintain them. They want no political nor politico-religious editor to tell them what religious journal they may read or may not. They believe in an open field and fair play, and are not to have their vision obscured by a little dross thrown by politicians and ecclesiastical demagogues. We have no fear that they will treat us 'as an heathen man and a publican' quite yet."

In the light of the above quotation, the present writer cannot see how Dr. Peck's hope that the Troy Conference resolutions would be harmless, was a "vain hope." Pray, tell us, who is harmed, if the Doctor is right in his positions in the quotation above? I am not able to make it out, for the life of me! The good Doctor has gone over the ground, and can find no harm done; for the people of Virginia know their rights and are able to maintain them. They know what journal to read, and all that; and the Doctor is so valiant to have the Doctor an indictment before his eyes "quite yet." Well, then, what is the matter? After all this talk

Recompense to no man evil for evil.

Printed by GEO. C. RAND & CO.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW BOOKS. THE EMINENT DEAD; OR, THE TRIUMPHS OF FAITH IN THE DYING HOUR, by Bradford K. Peirce, with an Introduction by Rev. A. Stevens. 12mo., 500 pp., price \$1.00.

This work contains biographical sketches of the most eminent Christians, ministers and laymen, whose labors and triumphs have become the precious heritage of the church. The series commences with the Reformation, and its subjects are selected from all the evangelical divisions of the united body of Christ, and the catalogue is brought down to the present generation. The publisher believes it to be one of the most interesting and valuable religious publications of the day, and peculiarly adapted to family reading and the Sabbath School Library.

Of this work Rev. J. D. Briggs remarks in the Northern Christian Advocate:—"It contains an interesting series of biographical sketches, prepared by Rev. Bradford K. Peirce, of Roxbury. He begins with the Lutheran Christians of the Reformation, and comes along through Switzerland, England, Scotland, until he reaches the record of the glorious death of some of the best writers of the M. E. Church, and presents a series of original engravings by Andrews, and published in the richest style of the art. The letter press has been supplied by some of the best writers of the M. E. Church, and presents an attractive table of contents as any annual of the season, while no sentiment is recorded upon its pages rendering it an invaluable token of friendship from a Christian father or friend."

The publisher has issued this volume at the earnest solicitation of his friends, and from the belief that such a work was called for, to take the place of gift books, whose only recommendation was the beauty of their mechanical execution, and whose contents were often objectionable both in matters of taste and sentiment.

He confidently offers the present work as fully equal to its competitors in beauty of publication, and interesting especially to our communion, from the denominational authorship of the several contributions to its columns. Among the writers will be found the names of Rev. Dr. Olin, Rev. A. Stevens, Rev. Dr. Lee, Rev. Dr. Dabney, Rev. Dr. J. T. Peck, Rev. Dr. Wadsworth, Rev. Dr. Foy, Rev. Dr. Telfer, Rev. S. M. Hall, and Rev. J. Limley.

We would call the attention of agents and collectors especially to the above volume. We are ready now to deliver these works, in any quantities, and shall be happy to offer them at a discount. It will be seen at once that they are peculiarly adapted to such a trade, and will command a general sale.

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